

The Porcupine

October, 1905.



Santa Rosa High School

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FOURTH STREET AND HINTON AVENUE		

The Porcupine

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NO. 2

Prudent People Purchase Prickly Porcupines

The Little Teacher

"Well, I guess we'll hev to let you try." The grizzled, old trustee of the Byrne River school district looked critically at the slim, little applicant for the school as he spoke and her courage faltered for a moment under his scrutinizing gaze.

Ever since the half dozen illiterate stock men of the region, having determined that their children should have better educational advantages than they themselves enjoyed, had solicited the right to erect a plain, little structure that should serve the purpose of school house, these well-wished-for children had stood in open rebellion. Accustomed to rambling among the hills, with very little work of any kind, their liberty-loving hearts detested the school-room with its monotonous hours of study. Consequently one teacher after another attempted and gave up the trying task of managing these children of the hills, and the last one, whose departure dated from a year before the opening of this story, had actually been thrust out of the building by the combined strength of the older boys.

So it was with demons of fear tugging at her heart that blue-eyed Hester Shaw, fresh from college, called her little school to order on the first Monday morning. Before her, in disorderly confusion, sat a group of boys and girls whose ages ranged anywhere from six to six-

teen. She sharply called to order a boy diving under and over the benches after a lizard. He slowly pocketed his unoffending victim, to the great amusement of the smaller children, and noisily taking his seat, awaited developments.

"Children," Hester began nervously, "since this my first day with you—" A progressive wink went around the room. The girls tittered. The boys shouted, until Hester's voice was lost amid the general murmur and she was obliged to call the school to order once more and proceed to lessons immediately.

Monday evening found the pupils assembled under a favorite oak tree discussing their new teacher.

"She's mighty pretty and a fellow could like her," ventured one.

"Oh, go on, Jim Casey, don't you go and get taken in by a teacher. She's got to go like all the rest of them. We can't boost her out 'cause she's a lady and little-like, but we'll make things so unpleasant that she'll get out. We don't want no book learning. Book-learned people aint good for nothing else but books. After which lengthy speech the leader of the party looked around and awaited the usual mode of approval.

Of course, all agreed and with pledges of unending revolt against the school-room they parted for their several homes.

Meanwhile Hester Shaw was thoughtfully wending her way to her boarding place, wondering, planning how she might win the respect of these strange children. But all her plans were futile. The children remained stubborn, obdurate and distant. Lessons were never studied. Order could not be kept and new trials arose to grieve her every day, until she gradually felt her hold on her old ambitions and ideals growing weaker and a feeling of utter discouragement creeping into to take their place.

On Thursday afternoon of the second week, the

crisis was reached when she called the third class in Geography to come forward. Not a pupil stirred.

"Will class Three in Geography please come forward," Hester repeated.

Complete silence followed for a moment and then every head turned as burly Dick Cross, the leader of the school, arose and said grimly: "We are not a-going to be run by you any longer. You can't make us obey you and study when you want us to and recite when you want us to. I say in behalf of the school, we won't do as you tell us, if we don't want to, again."

Hester's lips whitened and her eyes flashed angrily as she stepped forward and said:

"Dick, you may leave this room instantly."

Dick parted his lips to reply, but something in the set face and commanding voice of the little teacher told him that he had better obey, and with a significant glance at his comrades, he shuffled out and seated himself on the doorsteps. Every pupil started to follow, but with a wave of her hand, Hester demanded silence. The children remained, restlessly, in their seats, and it was plain that they could not be kept very long. The hands of the clock pointed to five minutes to four. Could she keep them five minutes? Every nerve in her frame tingled, as with lips compressed and fingers pressed tight against her chair, she faced her pupils. One, two, three minutes passed. They would never notice the two minutes remaining and she could hold them no longer, so she said hoarsely, "You may go."

A general wild scramble followed for a few moments and then Hester was alone. All her pent-up courage forsook her now and she buried her face in her hands and permitted the bitter tears of disappointment to have their way. She had failed, miserably failed. She would go through just one more day and on Friday night would announce her resignation to the trustees, who would receive it with an "I told you so." Oh! humilia-

tion. Finally, inspired by a sudden thought, she stood up, dashed away the tears, rearranged her tumbled hair before the broken mirror, and as she caught sight of her tear-stained image therein, she addressed it thus: "Why, Hester Shaw, you've been crying, actually crying; the shame of it! You can manage those children. Where are all those great schemes you used to discuss with the girls at college?" and with a nod at the mirror, Hester slipped on her hat and sped away hopefully.

The next morning, bright and early, she stood in her usual place, confident of a successful day, but when 9 o'clock arrived, no noisy pupils arrived with it. Two hours dragged slowly by and still all was silent. With many misgivings Hester hastened to the nearest house and asked why the children were not at school.

"Why, Miss Shaw," said the surprised woman, "I sent them to school this morning. I'm sure they started away. Come, I'll go with you to see Mrs. Casey."

Mrs. Casey was a nervous little woman and at mention of the children's disappearance she threw down her broom and paced the floor excitedly. "They're all drowned, I know it," she cried. "I heard them talking last night about playing a trick on the teacher and running off down the river in that old, leaky boat that was left to rot on the bank, but I didn't think they meant it when they went to school so quietly this morning. Oh, what shall I do? The old boat will sink with them all before they've gone half a mile, and all the men have gone off on a cattle-drive."

Black clouds were rising in the east and there was every indication of a good, hard thunder storm. Hester, ever ready to summon courage in the presence of danger, said quietly, "Come, we must go to the river and look for them. Perhaps they are only playing on the bank," and she started away in the lead of the two anxious women.

It was almost a mile walk and ere their destination

was reached, thunder and lightning held sway and great drops or rain began to fall. They hastened their steps and finally stood at the river's brink. There were the little lunch baskets in a row, but the rotten old boat was gone, and not a child was in sight.

To Be Continued.

Mr. Cox—The whole New York coast is sand, except what is fleas.

Mr. C. Hist—Mr. Belden, put up your toad-sticker.

Book-keeper's Dictionary—Cash, money on hand and merchandise. (J. B.)

Liability—When you are not sure of a thing.—Slusser.

2. Cash you are liable to have.—Flier (not Flyer.)

Resource—When you are sure of anything.

Miss Wirt, (Ger. II.)—"When is a vowel long?"

Baumbaugh—"When it isn't short."

Young Miss in Chem.—"The gas has a very gaseous smell."





Yulupa; or, the Legend of the Burning Bird

Many, many years ago, before Sir Francis Drake had landed on our fertile shores, before the first settlements had been planted on the Atlantic coast, before the name of California had even been thought of, the Pacific slope was a vast wilderness of forests and mountains, lakes and rivers, inhabited only by the roving savages peculiar to our continent, named by Columbus, the "Indians." To the northwest of the beautiful valley surrounded by green hills, in which Santa Rosa now nestles, was a tall mountain on whose summit the rays of the setting sun linger longest, as it sinks each evening into the west, a glowing ball of fire. Around this mountain, known to us as Bennett eak, but called by the more poetical aborigines, "Yulupa," or the "Mountain of the Burning Bird," lingers a quaint legend, from which the mountain took its name. This tradition has been handed down from mouth to mouth through countless generations of the red men, until it reaches us today, bringing with it a reminder of the days of Indian supremacy.

At the foot of Yulupa, before an Indian wigwam was seated an old, old man, the patriarch of his nation, surrounded by the dusky children of the tribe. His snowy hair, his wrinkled visage, his stooped figure alone beto-

kened age, for his eyes were still bright and his voice still clear as he related, in the beautifully figurative language of his people, the story of Yulupa.

“In the mountains of the valley,
In among the crags and boulders,
Underneath the moaning pine trees,
Where the west wind, Mudjekeewis,
Sighs and rushes thro’ their branches!
Far beneath the water courses
Winding seaward past the meadow,
Past the green hills and the prairies,
Past the marshes, moors and fen-lands,
Past the haunts of loom and heron,
Dwelt in ancient days a serpent,
Dwelt Kenabeek, crafty, cunning,
Deep down in the rocky caverns
Of the mountain called Yulupa.
He, destroyer of the helpless,
With his skin of many colors,
Grayish-silver, like the tree squirrel,
Deepest azure, like the blue jay,
Clearest emerald, like the lizard,
Basking in the heat of summer,
In the sultry Indian summer,
Breathed forth clouds of smoke and cinders,
Clouds of glowing sparks and embers,
Breathed his hot breath on the woodlands.
In his path he wrought destruction,
Burned the grain fields of the of the women,
Parched the farvorite haunts of hunters,
Spots near cool and shady streamlets
Where the deer were wont to gather
Where the cougars come in numbers
Greater than the birds in springtime;
Scorched the trees behind which warriors
In their feathers and their war paint,

With their tomahawks and arrows,
Sought to strike some foe unwary,
Or to ambush and attack him.
Near this fearful, fiery monster
Dwelt the King of Air, the Eagle.
He, too, shot forth fire and lightnings
From his eyes, so bright and piercing,
When the serpent came before him.
He, protector of the people,
Watched o'er them for many summers,
Warned them of approaching danger,
Helped them to defend their cornfields
From the demon of Destruction.
Finally, when no longer able
To withstand the scorching inroads
Made upon them by the reptile,
By the life-destroying serpent,
Simple children of the forest,
Guided by their own Great Spirit,
Gitche Manito, the Mighty,
Prayed to the protecting eagle,
To the sovereign of the summits,
Of the peaks and highest mountains,
Prayed that he would, for their safety,
Leave his high aerial station,
Leave the clear air and the sunlight,
Leave the land of trees and flowers,
And descend beneath the forests,
Far beneath the rocks and boulders,
To the den of night and darkness,
There to combat with the monster,
With the powerful destroyer,
Who had wreaked such fearful vengeance
On the Spirit's favored children.
Straightway then at their petition,
Swooped he downward from his summit,
Swooped the strong and mighty eagle,

Swooped the harbinger of safety.
Sought he there among the boulders,
Mid the wild and tangled bushes,
A wide chasm, dark, forbidding,
Overhung with vines and briers,
From whose mouth the black smoke issued,
Pouring forth in streams so threatenin'
Rising, spreading, billowing, floating,
As to give to bravest warriors
Fears of death and desolation.
Into this foul pit of blackness
Silently the eagle, plunging,
Sinking swiftly, softly, surely,
Soon was lost to mortal vision.
As he downward made his progress,
Narrower became the opening,
Till the walls, with sulphur steaming,
Bruised and crushed his folded pinions,
Crushed his matchless coat of feathers.
Finally he reached a cavern
Full of dark and noisome vapors,
Reeking with the poisonous breathing
Of the denizen of darkness.
Sank he on the floor, exhausted,
Wearied with his rapid journey,
Choking with the horrid odors.
Suddenly he saw before him,
Through the veil of inky blackness,
In the far end of the cavern,
Spitting clouds of sparks and embers,
Raised as if to strike the invader,
Coiling and uncoiling slowly,
Saw the terror of the Mountains,
Saw the dreaded fiery serpent,
Straightway into the combat rushed they,
Interlocked in deadly grapple,
Fighting each in his own fashion,

THE PORCUPINE

One with steely beak and talons,
One with giant strength and fury—
Thus the combat waged unceasing,
Till the dark depths of the cavern
Were so filled with burning gases,
And the air became so stiffling,
That a short truce was agreed on,
In which, to the upper regions,
Each combatant, sorely wounded,
Rose to breathe the air of heaven.
Meanwhile all the Indian people
Waited hopelessly, with patience,
Waited while the days like minutes
Sped along on wings whose fleetness
Rivalled the swift water musk-deer,
Waited for the tardy coming
Of the noble friend, the eagle.
Then came earthquakes and loud rumblings,
And in parts, wide cracks appearing
Warned the superstitious natives
Of some great disaster threatening,
Unannounced came drouths and famines,
Drouths that made of this fair valley
One vast plain of sunburned verdure,
Famines that reduced my people
Close to begging and starvation.
Suddenly one day appearing
On the summit of Yulupa,
On the crest of that great mountain,
Kugumah, the great Gray Eagle,
Filled the people's breasts with gladness.
But he warned them not to linger,
For the next peak farther southward
Held their enemy, the serpent,
Veritable spirit of evil.
He, when he beheld Kugumah,
Breathed his fiery breath in great sheets

Far across the dome of heaven.
From the eyes of the bold eagle
Shot forth lightnings of defiance;
Then the two resumed the struggle
Down in subterranean regions,
There the conflict to continue
Till the conflict was decided,
'Till the one o'ercame the other.
Prolonged shocks, vibrating earthquakes
Shook the whole of this great region,
And the red men, terror-stricken,
Prayed to the Great Spirit o'er them,
Gitche Manto, the mighty,
To restore them their protector.
But they ne'er again beheld him,
For, as years in endless journey,
Came and passed o'er this fair valley,
Less pronounced became the sharking
As the monsters sank, still battling,
Sank to the remotest cavern
Of the summit called Yulupa,
Until, when the first palefaces
Bent their gaze upon the mountair
Ceased the rumblings altogether
And were ne'er again repeated;
They had sunk from sight forever.
But, when in the rosy future
All pale faces have departed,
Left the land of sun and flowers,
Left the land of the red people,
Bird and serpent reappearing,
Shall foretell the white man's downfall,
Vanishing of toil and slavery,
Re-establishment of plenty,
Of the glorious by-gone period,
When once more, by fear untrammled,
Wide shall rove the Indian people.

Destiny

Superb in its simple grandeur and heaving in silent slumber, lay to the westward the mighty expanse of the Pacific ocean. Some distance back from the shore, upon a sharp eminence, was outlined against the northern sky the lone form of an Indian. His swarthy figure was bathed in light, as motionless and alone he gazed into the west, into the face of the setting sun. Who but the Sons of the Golden West know the beauty of an autumn summer on the the great Pacific?

Even as one gazes one is lost to the world, lost to all sense of self, wrapt in emotions surging to the surface from the depths of his inmost soul. Overpowering is the scene before him. The golden red ball of the sun drops slowly and majestically downward and is swallowed up in the flood of waters.

The sea is placid. The long line of the even and regular swell comes silently on, raises its head, leans, falls with a gentle roar and is gone, on in the march of destiny.

Yonder high above the water and indistinct in the twilight, flies a lovely pelican, and as you stand drinking in the sweetness of the scene, there comes to you over the water, the low cry of a loon, wending his silent way into the far northwest, a dark speck flying low over the limpid sea.

Slowly the beautiful tints of evening fade from sky and sea, the enshrouding darkness obscures the scenes before you, the billow at your feet heaves a gentle sight and it is night. Such passed before the eyes of the Indian, and with the paling twilight, as slowly and as majestically as the setting sun did the savage turn and fade into the gloom of the east.

Star by star the night came on. The melancholy

droning of the waves alone intensified the stillness of the spot. Not a light, not a voice marred nature's perfect solitude. Yet though the night was perfect, though nothing, but nature reigned, slowly and stealthily, accompanied by a soft stir, there crept up from the south an inky blackness covering all, shutting out the stars, yet closing in, shutting in the night. A rustle and a pattering, hardly audible, gave warning to —, but none were by. The wind rose and began to groan, the rain began to fall. Slowly the droning of the breakers grew into a roar. Then with wind and rain rose the giant waves in ever increasing fury, foaming, pounding, thundering, crashing in unchecked freedom, fairly dashing themselves asunder in their madness; amid the screaming of the wind and deluge of rain the mighty storm came on.

Upon that sea, lashed by wind and wave, and racing by on the gale, rode a magnificent ship. Though but naked spars rose aloft into the night, yet on and on she tore, faster and faster she flew. Now bow, now stern were plunged into the sea. As wounded unto death, she reeled, staggered, and was tossed about amid that boiling, seething hell of water.

Beneath in her stuffy cabin, quietly smoking, sat motionless the remainder of her sturdy crew. A swinging lantern cast a dim and flickering light about the room, lending a weird and grotesque aspect to the scene. But for the glint of an eye in the lantern light, death already might have laid her cold and tightening grasp upon the men. Man after man had been sent to the wheel, only to be swept into that hell beyond the rail, or crushed beneath the tons of water. Better die, if die one must, in a cabin by one's comrades than sail alone into the awful depths of the sea.

Thus sped the ship upon her course. Thus she neared her final haven—a grinding crash, a feeble cry, and wind and wave went howling on amidst the rain.

For two whole days the storm swept on in unabated

fury. The dawn upon the third day broke clear and tranquil. Serene in all its splendor rose the sun above the eastern horizon. The lapsing waves, sparkling with morning light, rolled peacefully upon the shore.

Stooping at the water's edge was the lone figure of an Indian. As he arose, he held his palm extended. Upon it lay a single broken link of a rusty chain.

E. A.

Miss Wirt (Eng. VI.)—"Is there a Longfellow in the study hall?"

Geary—"No, Slim got fired."

Miss O. M.—"In writing these papers how could you imitate Irving's style?"

"L. W.—By using big words."

Miss Haul (reprovinng Roy B.)—"Roy! Roy! Roy! You are more trouble to me than a bunch of babies!"

Mr. Cox—"I never found any trouble in getting into different houses."

Miss Wirt(borrowing a girl's book.)—"You may sit with someone else."

Finlaw (politely)—"She can sit with me."




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Entered in the Postoffice at Santa Rosa, Cal., as second class mail matter.

All personals, stories, literary articles and items of interest to this paper should be sent to The Porcupine, Santa Rosa, Cal.

Saturday, October 21, will witness another A. A. L. field day. Our chances of capturing these honors have been better the last few years than they ever have been, and our boys will go down this year confident of making

a far better showing than ever before. However, whether our team returns victorious or whether our name appears toward the last of the long line of constants, it is not, in the end, the thing most important. If our boys have striven to the best of their abilities to overcome the numerous obstacles that constantly beset the path of the successful athlete, if the training has taught them the lesson of self-denial it is meant to teach, and if they are stronger physically, and thus better able to cope with mental difficulties, then the effect on the contestants is the same as if we had won the day with the biggest score possible.

The members of the school have never given the idea of organized rooting the attention which it deserves. The fault of this is not with our yell leaders, as we have had several our most enterprising and energetic boys serve in this capacity. The fault lies in the students who have not given this department the attention which it should receive.

Our boys seem to think that they can learn all the yells, and root just as well without any practice. This is not the case, however, and if they had the opportunity to listen to the rooting of some of the schools where particular attention is paid to it, and should then compare it to some of our somewhat ludicrous efforts, we are inclined to think that we would have a larger number at the next yell practice.

We ask that all contributions be handed in written across the longer way of the paper. This will be a great convenience to the printers.

All material intended for publication should be signed, as it is one of our rules never to print articles unless we know the author. All credit is forfeited on the part of the writer, in the coming literary contest.

A Reminiscence

Oh! but weren't you tired of school? My! didn't you feel hot? How nice and cool you thought a swim would feel. Gee! but weren't you tired of studying? You just wished something awful would happen to all teachers and schools.

In the middle of your complaint you were interrupted by a whisper from Bud, your chum. Gee! weren't chums great things, though? As you turned around Bud threw a piece of paper on the floor under your desk. Of course you picked it up. You knew Bud's notes always contained some thing of great importance.

You started to open the note and see what it said, but you saw the eyes of the teacher on you. Old man Wright—what business had he to look at you when you wanted to read that note? You would fix when you got big. You said to yourself, "No I cannot open it now, but just wait till the old man isn't looking."

After what seemed many hours to you, old man Wright finally left the room to get a drink. Now was your chance to examine your note. Quickly you digested the contents. "Play hookey and go swimming?" Well, you guessed yes. Didn't you have a right to? Wasn't the thermometer up to 120 degrees in the shade? Weren't you sick and in need of a good rest and swim? Of course. So nodding your head to Bud, you had just turned around when old man Wright entered the room. My! but didn't you get to studying! From that time on till noon you were almost afraid to look at old man Wright for fear he fould discover your plot. At last noon came. You put your books in your desk. You were finished with school that day. No more for you till tomorrow. Cautiously, sneakingly, you stole out of the building, already afraid Wright knew of your plans.

Outside you met Bud. Was Bud surely going? Well, he guessed so. So were you, too. You wished all

the schools would burn down anyway.

Plans were made to meet a block from school at one o'clock. So you hurried home and ate your lunch and were back at the appointed corner in a few minutes. You waited awhile for Bud, who came very soon with his wheel.

Several boys passed you going to school. You invited them to go along with you. No, their mothers wouldn't let them. You answered back you didn't care who wouldn't let you go. (My! but weren't you big! Well, you had a cause to feel big. You were playing hookey.)

Very soon you heard old Wright ringing the last bell. What would he do when he found you and Bud were not there? You didn't care what he would do. Bud told you he knew where a fine swimming hole was, so you both started out.

My! you had forgotten to oil your wheel and tighten your chain. And wasn't it hot! You told Bud the sweat was dropping off your forehead in tub fulls. Gee! didn't you pity the poor boys who were now working in school. (You forgot you were working harder than they.) Goodness, the roads were getting steeper. Your chain had come off two times and your pedal wouldn't turn well. But you were playing hookey. You didn't care..

"How much farther is it?" you asked Bud.

"Oh, about five miles," Bud answered. You didn't know how Bud felt, but you wished you could turn back. But no, you were not going to turn back now. You had started and you were going to get there.

"Oh! what a nice place!" you said to Bud as you neared a clump of trees after walking up a grade for three miles. But down in your heart you wished you were studying under the watchful eye of old man Wright.

"How much farther?" you asked Bud as you examined your blistered head and mopped your damp brow.

"No farther," said Bud, as he jumped off his wheel.

"Oh! is this the place? Why, I could go twice as far as this," you falsely said. "But where is the swimming hole?"

Bud told you to leave your wheel at the side of the road and follow him. He lead you down a bank and presently you came to a stream about four feet deep.

You asked Bud if it was cold. "No," said he, "it's a warm spring."

You jumped in, but jumped out a good deal more quickly. Cold? Gee!

"Was it cold?" Bud asked you. "No," you answered, although it was cold as ice.

Presently Bud jumped in and also jumped out again.

"My! how warm!" said Bud. (He wasn't going to admit it was cold. No, not Bud, or you either.)

For about five minutes you and Bud stood shivering on the bank, each, afraid to go in. Then slowly you went back to where your clothes were and got into them.

"Nice swim, wasn't it?" said to Bud, after you were dressed.

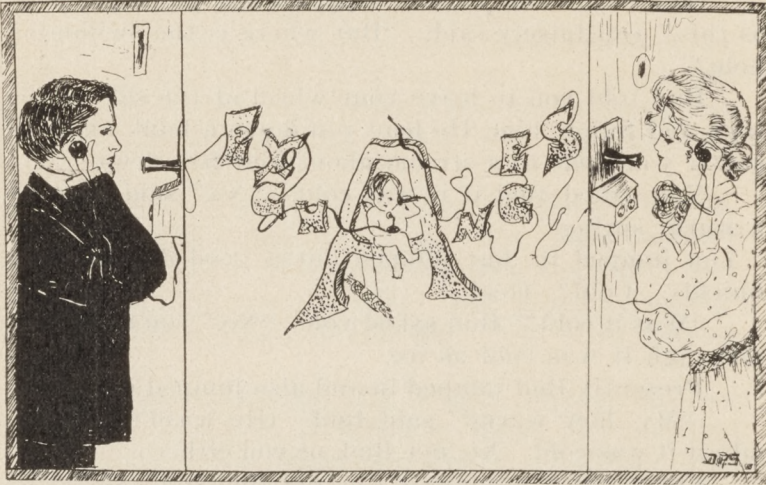
"Yes, fine," Bud said. The reason I didn't go in was because I didn't want to get my hair wet, 'cause they'd know I played hookey then."

"Ditto," you said, although too well you knew the true reason.

"It's getting dark," you remarked to Bud. But Bud knew it already. Tired and soiled you turned your way home. My! but hadn't you cheated the school? Just think of all the boys who had to sit still in school while you were enjoying a nice, warm(?) swim. Gee! couldn't you boast tomorrow to the other fellows!

About dark you got home, dirty, blistered and all broken down. You weren't going to tell anybody how tired you were, though, as that would give you away.

You didn't care if your shirt was torn, if your hands were blistered, if your face was dirty. Why, of course not, for hadn't you played hookey?



One by one, the exchanges are coming in, some resplendent with colored covers, others somber and gray. If I were to decide the merits of the papers by the good taste displayed in their binding, it would not be a difficult task, but the roughest exterior sometimes contains the brightest gems, so I will open them and carefully peruse their contents.

The Aegis is in good form and attractively bound, but if more of the space taken up by "joshers" were devoted to articles showing literary endeavor, its value would be increased.

"Trapping the Witness" in the Manzanita is a very clever little story. The Manzanita is still young in its

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life as a paper and we will be glad to receive it from time to time and note improvements.

An unusually original and interesting "Class Prophecy" distinguishes the El Rodeo of Merced. The paper is up to the mark in every respect. We are sorry, however, to find that its exchange editor has sadly misunderstood the motive of the April issue of the "Porcupine."

We have received a splendid exchange in the Advance from Arcata. The paper is overflowing with good literary material, both poetry and prose, and bright editorials. Our only regret is that its issue is yearly and not every month.

The Record from Sioux City has made its appearance on our table again. From the large number of good stories that the paper contains we infer that it has the hearty co-operation of the students, an aid to the success of any school journal.

The Acorn of Alameda is almost entirely devoted to personals and to comments on the different societies of the school. Although it is well to give these things their place, we would suggest that the school be given more opportunity to show its talent for imaginary story writing.

We have the June commencement number of the Owl. It contains the usual illustrations, pictures of the graduates, faculty, etc., and good descriptions of the departments and societies of the school.

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Athletics.

On Saturday, October 7, our track team met Oakland in a dual meet at Pierce Bros.' track. The track was in very good condition and, with the exception of a heavy north wind, the conditions were quite favorable for the event.

This being the first meet of the season, our boys were not in their best condition. However, they made a very creditable showing. Undoubtedly with two more weeks of faithful training they will be worthy opponents in the A. A. L.

The first the events were captured by the Oaklanders. In the 50 yard dash, Hitchcock was beaten by a very small margin by Sites, Oakland's phenomenal sprinter. Sites has the ability of concentrating all his energy at the finish of a race.

The 440 was won by Walker, Oakland's star quarter miler, who is a second Cadogan. Free, one of Oakland's promising young distance men, handily won the half mile.

In the hundred, the tide was turned against Oakland, this event being captured by Gray in the fast time of 10 1-5 seconds.

Dozier, of Oakland, carried off the honors in the hurdles, and Walker proved his ability again by winning the

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220. The mile was taken by our able manager, Russell Smith.

In the field events Hitchcock surpassed himself by vaulting ten feet ten and one-half inches, was beaten by Vail, who made ten feet, eleven and one-half inches. Proctor also scored in this event as well as in the high jump. He was in fine form and gracefully cleared the bar each time. Jacobs, though not in such good form, scored with Proctor in the high jump and took second in the broad jump and low hurdles. He will be in excellent condition by the A. A. L.

Taylor easily won the shotput as well as the broad jump, thus winning the most points of any one on the team.

Pierce Bros.' track has a fast record for sprinters. MacQuiddy having covered the 50 yards in 5 2-5 seconds, Gray winning a hundred in 10 1-5 and Drysdale and Walker making records of 22 1-5 and 22 2-5 respectively in the 220 yard dash. In the 220 yard hurdles Jacobs has covered the distance in 26 2-5, while Weller of W. H. S., and Dozier of O. H. S., have records of 26 3-5 and 26 4-5.

In the quarter mile Rawles, of U. H. S., holds a record of 51 3-5, and Walker, of O. H. S., 52 4-5.

The following is a list of the events and the point winners:

Fifty yards dash—Sites, O. H. S., first; Hitchcock, S. R. H. S., second; Scuphman, O. H. S., third. Time 6 seconds.

440 yard dash—Walker, O. H. S., first; Wilson,

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S. R. H. S., second; McNamara, O. H. S., third. Time 52 4-5 seconds.

380 yard run—Free, O. H. S., first; Loughery, S. R. H. S., second; R. Smith, S. R. H. S., third. Time 2 minutes, 10 seconds.

100 yards dash—Gray, S. R. H., first; Sites, O. H. S., second; McDonald, O. H. S., third. Time 10 1-5 seconds.

120 yard hurdles—Dozier, O. H. S., first; Peaslee, O. H. S., second; Dignan, S. R. H. S., third. Time 17 1-5 seconds.

Mile run—R. Smith, S. R. H. S., first; Briggs, S. R. H. S., second; Hassard, O. H. S., third. Time 4 minutes, 56 4-5 seconds.

220 yard dash—Walker, O. H. S., first; Gray, S. R. H. S., second; Wilson, S. R. H. S., third. Time 22 2-5 seconds.

220 yard hurdles—Dozier, O. H. S., first; Jacobs, S. R. H. S., second; Peaslee, O. H. S., third. Time 26 4-5 seconds.

The mile relay race was won by Santa Rosa.

Pole vault—Vail, O. H. S., first; Hitchcock, S. R. H. S., second; Proctor, S. R. H. S., third. Distance, 10 feet, 11 1-2 inches.

High jump—Proctor, S. R. H. S., and Pacobs, S. R. H.

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S., tie for first; Preaslee, O. H. S. second. Distance 5 feet, 2 inches.

Shot put—Taylor, S. R. H., first; Dignan, S. R. H. S., second; Walker, O. H. S., third. Distance, 43 feet, 3 inches.

Broad Jump—Taylor, S. R. H. S., first; Jacobs, S. R. H. S., second; Sites, O. H. S., third. Distance, 19 feet 3 inches.

Hammer Throw—Tretheway, O. H. S., first; Taylor, S. R. H. S., second; Walker, S. R. H. S., third. Distance 126 feet.

Santa Rosa carried off the honors of the day by a broad margin of 16 points.

Our football team has confined itself principally to signal practice on account of so many of the boys training for track work. After the A. A. L. practice will begin in earnest and Captain Smith expects to turn out a creditable bunch of players. Several games are being arranged for, among them one of much interest which is scheduled for Thanksgiving Day with the team from the Deaf and Dumb institute of Berkeley.

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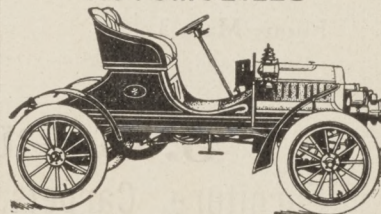
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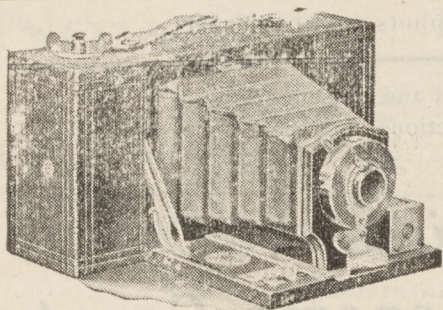
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He (angrily.)—"We're drawing a crowd to all appearances."

Mac, (Eng. VII.)—"The fish don't get out and run around on hot days."



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"Who was the S. R. H. S. girl who crossed to the sunny side of the street to hold her new parasol?"

Eng. VI.—"When a line of poetry contains four feet, what is it called?"

Student, (arousing from a reverie.)—"Quadruped."

Marion N. (quoting from "The Vision of Sir Launfal.")—"The leper lank as a weather beaten bone."

Bumbaugh (Ger. II.)—"He fell on her neck."

Miss W. (Geom. 1c.)—"You are getting warm."

Eng. III.—"When I spoke of Castile in Spain, what did you think of?"

Lynn—"Soap."

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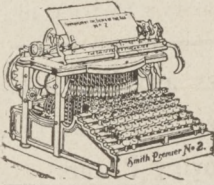
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